

GREEKS PASSED A SORRY EASTER.

News of Defeat Cast Shadow
Over All the Day's
Ceremonies.

SIMPLY WAIT AND HOPE.

A Heartbroken Congregation At-
tended the Midnight
Service.

BOTASSI GAVE THEM NO HOPE

The Firecrackers Remained Unfired
and the Red Easter Eggs Un-
broken, and Greek Hopes
Are Waning.

The Easter festival of the Greeks passed like a day of mourning. Faces which on Friday had been all aglow with joy over the glad news from the seat of war were clouded yesterday by the bitter knowledge that Prince Constantine had given up Larissa without a battle, and that the Turks in ever-growing multitude were swarming over the borders, bearing the banners of Islam into the heart of Greece.

What made the depression even more apparent was the fact that Easter-tide is with the Greeks a time of extravagant rejoicing. Custom has made of Easter a sort of Fourth of July. Upon the night before the feast day it has been the habit to make merry at the Greek chapel in Fifty-third street. It is the time for the firing of guns and pistols and firecrackers, the shouting of "Zitos," and the singing of the gladder songs the nation knows.

Gloom in the Chapel.
During all the years that the Greek Church has been established in New York, no Easter eve has passed that the neighborhood of their little chapel has not echoed with the noise of celebration. Silent and troubled, and with downcast eyes, the brown-faced Hellenes gathered on Saturday night. Careless of attire, many of them collarless, unkempt and unshaven, and looking as if they had come straight from their work places, they crowded into the small chapel until it would hold no more. They gathered about the doors and on the sidewalk, and none had a word of cheer. They looked each other in the face, and no one smiled.

Each man and woman held a wax candle. Upon the darkness of the church the dim light of the blinking tapers stole, and dark faces, overcast with care, turned toward the altar appealingly as if in search of consolation. The Archimandrite, in all his vestments, was himself a pathetic picture of despondency. The choirmen, too, were solemn, and the silence between the drooping of the service was more than reverent.

King's Name Brought Tears.
As the ceremonies went on, punctuated with the sign of the cross, the names of the King and royal family were often spoken in the prayers, and at its every recurrence the people bowed their heads and looked with downcast eyes to hide the grief which mention of the ruler woke anew in them.

Consul Demetrius Botassi, as the representative of the King, leads in the responses at every Easter service. His voice was tremulous as he chanted the lines which are supposed to voice a general joy. To the unhappy company there the Christus Emestheos—Christ is risen—sounded like something akin to mockery.

In measured tones the answer came, "Alithos egehti!"—Indeed He is risen. The service was on their lips, but in the hearts of the worshippers there dwelt instead only the awful thought that Larissa was fallen. When the chanting and the prayers were done, Father Agapodoros left the altar and stood upon the "vima," or chancel, and at his side a little lad, Basilios Penos by name, dressed in the uniform of the American guard. He carried a basket of Easter eggs, dyed in symbolic red. Slowly the congregation passed the vima and the Archimandrite handed out to them the Pascal emblem.

Yesterday morning at 10 o'clock the regular Easter service was held. Here assembled the social leaders of the Greek colony, the Hellenic 400 of New York—Rallies, Fadhiers, Gallatis and many more—who only attend the Greek Church upon festival days. They were to look cheerful, but the gloom was over them, as it had been over the popular gathering of the night before. The Greek ladies who are organizing to aid the Red Cross work were there, and after the service crowded about Consul Botassi to learn the latest news from Athens.

Botassi Comments the Prince.
"The news is very bad and very discouraging," he said, "but this is not the end. Prince Constantine fell back, but it was doubtless wise and good generalship. He knew the Turks were fire to one against him, and that he could better afford to lose ten miles than to suffer the certain



Kathryn Harris, Who Was "Kitty" Brady.
She was the daughter of the late Judge John R. Brady, and eloped some years ago with Sidney Harris. She has since left him and will soon make her debut on the stage.

destruction of his force." All yesterday afternoon the Greeks waited about the Parthenon and Athens restaurants, for bulletins from the scene of war. When night came, it brought further tidings of disaster, and utter sadness reigned after the announcement—the first word sent over the cable from Athens—that the Grecian forces had again drawn back to a still more southerly line of defence, and that the Moslems were over-running the country, which two days ago was supposed to be strongly entrenched against them. And so Easter day went out as it had dawned—in gloom.

Weather for To-Day.
Rain, followed by clearing weather in afternoon; colder; southwest winds.

HOLDING THEM UP TO PUBLIC SCORN.

THE Tammany leaders have decided to repudiate Assemblymen Thomas J. Barry, of the Second District, and William H. Leonard, of the Third District. They are the two Tammany Assemblymen who changed their votes on the Gas bill at Albany last week. Mr. Barry yesterday afternoon, in answer to a request to explain his position on the gas question, said: "I am in favor of cheap gas. If I had my way I would fix the price of gas at fifty cents. My gas bills are very heavy and a reduction in the price would be a great saving to me in the course of a year. I voted against the bill at Albany because the amendment introduced by Abell, of Brooklyn, to include the whole of Greater New York in the territory to be included in the bill. This practically made it a new bill, and after being repudiated it would have to remain on the desks of the Senators for four days before it could be considered."

"I believe that half a loaf is better than no bread, and the bill that was passed is the best that could be done. I introduced a 'dollar gas' bill early in the session. Later I moved to discharge the committee from further consideration of the measure. This was voted down, which shows what chance such a bill had in the last Assembly."

Several calls made at Mr. Leonard's residence, No. 130 Prince street, failed to catch him.

SOCIETY BELLE A STAGE MAID.

"Little Kitty" Harris to Make
Her Theatrical Debut
in "Rosemary."

LEAVES HER HUSBAND.

Seven Years Ago She Astonished
Her Friends by Eloping
with Sidney Harris.

"Little Kitty Brady," whose elopement with Sidney Harris created such a sensation in the smart set some seven years ago, has finally and irrevocably decided to leave her husband and go to New York.

After some hard study and several public appearances as a reader, Miss Harris has secured a theatrical opening with John Drew's. This evening, in Chicago, "Little Kitty" will become Kathrynne. Under the name of Kathrynne B. Harris she will make her theatrical debut in "Rosemary," replacing Ethel Barrymore in the role of a vicious maid.

Trouble has been brewing in the Sidney Harris household for many a long day. Young Mrs. Harris says that her determination to go upon the stage is due solely to lack of funds. Her husband is a member of the Union Club and a young lawyer with a practice variously estimated as one may chance to consult his friends or his enemies. He is the son of Miriam Coles Harris, whose "Bulldog," famed for its heroine without a name, is still beloved of novel readers.

Two Weddings in Contrast.
"Little Kitty," as she is still familiarly known to her friends and admirers, is a daughter of the late Judge John R. Brady, of New York. Her romantic elopement with Sidney Harris took place on the very day that her sister, May Brady, was married, with all pomp and ceremony, to Albert Stevens, of Castle Point, N. J.

At the Little Church Around the Corner, in plain everyday attire, without wedding veil or orange bosoms, the couple vowed "to love, honor and obey till death do us part." The bride's family gracefully decided to accept the situation, and the young people went with their blessing to try love in a cottage at Garden City, L. I. Since then Mrs. Harris has been several times before the public—as an amateur actress of no small ability. Bitter opposition from all the members of her family has met her decision to go upon the stage. Her sister, Mrs. Albert Stevens, declares she will have nothing to do with her, but their mother, Mrs. Brady, with whom Mrs.

Harris and her small daughter, Kitty, have been living for some time, has reluctantly given her consent.

Has Already Shown Talent.
Kathrynne Harris can scarcely be called an amateur, for she has already given several public "poetical recitals." At these recitals she showed that she had self-possession and a certain amount of talent, probably inherited from her father. Who was famous for his eloquence. Her friends all praise the modesty which has made her content to seek a small part under good tuition as a beginning when she might possibly have secured the backing to become a star.

At the time of her marriage Mrs. Harris was accounted one of the most popular young women in New York, and apparently so amiable and yielding that general surprise is manifested at the tenacity with which she has clung to her early predilection for the stage. She is a brunette, vivacious and very petite, hence her sobriquet of "Little Kitty."

A GRANT STAND FREE.

The EVENING JOURNAL will provide a stand free at the Grant Memorial ceremonies for the orphans and descendants of soldiers who fought under General Grant.

The stand will be on the West Drive, Riverside Park, north of the Tomb. Any of those who have not yet received invitations will please call at the EVENING JOURNAL office before noon to-day.

This invitation is extended to children between the ages of nine and fifteen years. It would be well if some credential, showing that they are descendants of General Grant's old soldiers, is brought with them.

BRYAN ON CLEVELAND.

Continued from First Page.

through those Democrats who voted directly for Mr. McKinley, or through those who voted for the Indianapolis ticket. The leaders among the gold Democrats claim to have voted for Palmer and Buckner. Certainly this did not entitle them to pose as saviors of their country. They knew that the contest would be close, even Mr. Cleveland refers to the campaign as one of doubt and fear.

Was it patriotic for gold Democrats to throw their votes away upon a ticket which had no chance when their support might have decided the contest? There is a touch of humor in the boisterous intentions of those who, during the contest, watched the struggle from afar and after the battle was over claimed all credit for the victory.

His War Declaration.
The important part of Mr. Cleveland's

address, however, is found in his declaration of war against those who supported the Chicago ticket. In this last address he has given more aid to his opponents than to his supporters, just as he did by his official acts. His surrender of the Executive branch of the Government into the hands of the Wall Street financiers during his last Administration did more than any other one thing to arouse the American people to a knowledge of the iniquity of the gold standard.

WATTERSON DENOUNCES CLEVELAND.

Continued from First Page.

literature, will be silently, surely working to the one end which he, and they, have before them—his nomination in 1900.

His Presence Only a Hindrance.

"If Mr. Cleveland were possessed of the faculty for conceiving any public affair apart from his own interest—even if he had any real sense of personal dignity—he would rid the great questions at issue from the embarrassment of a presence which is not a help, but a hindrance. Instead of playing the part of a philosopher and statesman, while exhausting every artifice to regain the Presidency, he would perceive the grandeur of being such in point of fact, and of enjoying, like a statesman and philosopher, the repose of his old age and his honors, but he would not be himself if he considered anything else than his own desire and will. The executive office represents both. He likes the power, the emoluments and the employment. He has a talent for industry. He is dominant and experienced.

"To him the Presidency has become, what he indeed made it while he had it—a personal affair, held regardless of party obligations. He has no imagination and no sympathy, he subjected everything and everybody to his unbounded and unquenchable egotism. This egotism, indeed, became so sincere, that he grew at last to believe that he did actually know something of the questions of his time and had some policy other than the gratification of his love of power and display. It is just as well that Democrats who seek the rehabilitation of the party on sound political lines of action and thought should know, to begin with, what lies across their path, and that they should begin to cast about them how to shake from their shoulders this veritable Old Man of the Mountains. He is with us only for what it will bring him. Nothing could have induced him to appear in public except to keep himself before the public, and there is not a word uttered by him to deprecate the idea of another candidacy.

"All his life an office seeker and an office holder, he differs from the riff-raff of his class only by his high pretensions and profound duplicity. He hopes in the hurly-burly of affairs to force himself first upon the party and then upon the country as the representative of clean politics and the public order. He represents neither. He represents only his own lust for office. A great and noble principle must not be thus desecrated. A possible party rehabilitation of the greatest moment must not be obstructed by such a death's head at the feast.

"If Mr. Cleveland has not the wisdom to see his duty and the grace to step down and out, he should be compelled by the decent opinions of decent people to step down and out, and the elimination of his ambitions is indispensable to any progress in the direct arm, which, while he is in the field, encountered nothing but defeat."

His thinly digested support of the Republican ticket in the late campaign did much to drive the silver Republicans out of the Republican party, and their loyalty to bimetalism has not been shaken by defeat. In his address Saturday night he aided the silver cause still further by removing whatever danger there might have been of concessions from the regular Democrats to the bolters.

If he had discussed the fundamental principles of Democracy and then urged a union of force upon a platform comprising differences on the money question he might have done us hard in some sections, but his dogmatic insistence upon a foreign financial policy and his emphatic endorsement of the organization of the gold Democrats will have a wholesome influence in convincing timid Democrats of the folly of any attempt to reunite the Democrats who believe in bimetalism with the Democrats who are wedded to gold monometallism.

Contest in Its Infancy.

Mr. Cleveland recognizes that the contest over the money question, instead of being ended, is just beginning; he recognizes it as an irrepressible conflict, and in this he reasons rightly.

The Democratic party will in 1900 reiterate its demand for free and unlimited coinage at 16 to 1, and it will be opposed by those who at that time believed in a gold standard. This being as certain as any future event can be, why should those who now who expect to engage in combat so soon hereafter.

We now have a harmonious Democratic party, and we have a bolting organization which claims to represent another kind of Democracy. Let them both exist and time will determine which is fittest to survive.

If any bimetalist is converted to the gold standard he can join their organization; if any gold Democrat repents he can return to the fold. However much we may differ from Mr. Cleveland we must admit his courage.

A less resolute man would hesitate to assume the leadership of a little band of 130,000, many of whom voted the Indianapolis ticket by mistake, and then accuse 6,500,000 voters of being either designing agitators or the dupes of designing agitators.

A man of less self reliance would re-examine his own conduct to see whether it was his folly or theirs which separated them from 5,000,000 of Democrats who once idolized him, but in the lexicon of Mr. Cleveland's maturer years there is no such word as "mistake."

Powerless to Relieve.

The gold Democracy is impotent to bringing any real relief to the country, it is long on platitudes and short on performance, it reaches its maximum at a banquet and its minimum at the polls. It is the toy of those financiers who prate about national honor while they fatten on the nation's extremity, and is powerless to protect the people from the extortion of trusts and the greed of unrestrained corporations.

Those Democrats who believe in equality before the law will naturally gravitate toward the regular Democracy and those Democrats who believe in a Government by syndicates and for syndicates will naturally drift into the Republican party, because it offers them the best prospect of success.

WOMAN FIGHTS OVER KELLOGG.

Strikes a Friend of the E.
S. Dean Company
Man.

CAN SHE BE "E. S. DEAN"?

Great Crowd Attracted by "Mrs.
Goable's" Altercation with
Edward Harlan.

BOTH PARTIES ARE ARRESTED.

She Wanted to Collect \$125 from
Kellogg, and Some Think She
Is the "Mysterious Cham-
bermaid."

The affairs of the E. S. Dean Company, and especially of J. B. Kellogg, its former president, figured mysteriously in an affray between a man and a woman in Harlem yesterday afternoon.

After they had been landed in a police station it was rumored that the woman was the "mysterious chambermaid" mentioned so often in connection with the collapse of the E. S. Dean Company, that disgusted so many with speculating in Wall Street. It has been supposed by many who tried to probe the secrets of the firm, that "E. S. Dean" was a mere "Mrs. Harris," that the dummy head of the concern whose operations caused such widespread ruin a month or two ago, was, in fact, a woman, and a chambermaid at that.

However that may be, a stylishly dressed woman has been known on the upper West Side for a long time as an associate of J. B. Kellogg, who severed his connection with the Dean Company, only to become the promoter of a stock betting machine, in connection with which he was afterward made the subject of a "fraud order," issued at Washington. She drives about in a hansom and has been searching for Kellogg lately with great persistence.

Kellogg had been in the habit of keeping some horses at Cameron's livery stables, in One Hundred and Thirty-second street, near Seventh avenue. They are there still. Every day for over a month or more the stylishly dressed woman has been calling at the stable and inquiring for him. It is said she met him there on Saturday afternoon and demanded \$125, which she declared he owed her, whereupon Kellogg tossed her a half dollar.

His Friend Was There.

Yesterday afternoon, when the Sunday pleasure traffic on Seventh avenue was at its height, she drove up to the stable as usual, alighted from her hansom, and walked inside. Kellogg was not there, but his friend Harlan was. Edward Harlan owns a pawlery at No. 430 Hudson street, and lives at No. 125 West One Hundred and Thirty-second street. He, too, was known at the livery stable.

"Oh, was looking for Kellogg, but you'll do just as well," said the woman, whom it is convenient to call Mrs. Goable—the name she afterward gave at the police station.

"What do you want?" said Harlan, in a surly tone.

"I want \$125, and I want it now. I'm not going to wait any longer, because I need the money."

"You don't get any \$125 from me!"

"Where's Kellogg?"

"I don't know."

"You do!"

"I don't! What do you want to bound him for, anyway?"

"You're right, and you'd better keep away from him, too."

"You mind your business—and take that!"

Saying which, Mrs. Goable slapped Harlan's face, first with her right hand, and then with her left. The pawlbroke flew at her in a towering passion, and she retreated toward her cab. She reached it before he could intercept her. Jumped in and told the caddy to take her away in a hurry. The man started to obey, but Harlan ran to the horse's head and pulled the animal into the gutter.

Calls for a Policeman.

"Run and get an officer, Dan!" he shouted.

At the command Dan Clarkson, formerly known as Dan Cohen, sped away in search of a policeman. A year ago Dan Cohen was an electrician, apparently in needy circumstances. Now he is one of the many Wall Street operators who keep horses at Cameron's stables. He has called himself Clarkson ever since he obtained employment with a broker named Talcott at No. 2 Wall street.

While Clarkson was looking for a policeman, the pawlbroke and Mrs. Goable were renewing their quarrel. The woman jumped out of the hansom and slapped Harlan's face again. She says that he retaliated by knocking her down and striking her while she was off her feet, and there are witnesses who affirm that the pawlbroke struck her with his fist three times.

Seventh avenue was blocked with spectators of the affray, both in vehicles and on foot.

In response to Dan Clarkson's summons, Mounted Policemen Mahoney rode into the throng, and, after listening to both sides of the story, placed Harlan and Mrs. Goable under arrest. In order to get them to the station he loaded himself and the pair into the hansom, leaving a brother policeman to lead his own horse.

Each prisoner made a charge of assault against the other, and both were locked up. It was not long before Harlan secured a bondsman, but Mrs. Goable, who gave her address—a fake one—as No. 138 West Forty-eighth street, and her age as forty, remained at the station until a late hour, when she was released. Toward midnight she sent a message to No. 770 Madison avenue in the hope of obtaining bail from a friend at that address.

Are You Tired

All run down in health, without vitality, with no appetite, cannot sleep? This condition is due to impoverished blood, which fails to supply nourishment to nerves and muscles. We are now changing to a warmer season. Nature is struggling to adjust the system to the change, and Nature cries for help.

Weak, Nervous
The toning, strengthening, invigorating, blood-purifying and enriching qualities of Hood's Sarsaparilla exactly meet your present need. The thousands of wonderful cures accomplished by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the like of which no other medicine or no combination of medicines can approach, proves its curative merit; proves that it has never been equalled as a remedy for That Tired Feeling, Humors and all blood diseases.

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is the best—in fact, the One True Blood Purifier. Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5.

Hood's Pills are the only pills with Hood's